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Early Childhood

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES

JUVENILE
INCIDENTS :
OR THE
Studies and Amusements
OF
A DAY.

Embellished with Nineteen Beautiful Engravings on Wood.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	7
Rising	9
The Morning Salutation.....	11
The Prayers.....	14
Study	26
Breakfast	31
The Rabbits and Birds.....	33
Reading	36
Writing	38
Embroidery and Drawing.....	41
Dinner	45
Recreation	48
The Lesson of Dancing.....	52
The Lesson of Music.....	54
The Walk	57
The Refreshment.....	73
The Evening at Grandmamma's House	76
The Supper	90
The Paternal Benediction.....	91



INTRODUCTION.

CHARLES and Louisa were two children, which we may venture to propose as models. Charles was only eight years of age, and his Sister seven ; but, from their amiable conduct, they might have been supposed much older, which rendered them the delight of their parents. As we sometimes meet with children who resemble them, and who wish to know their duties, in order to fulfil them, I will relate to them the manner in which Charles and Louisa

spent their time. By giving the employments of one day, the others are all nearly represented. The day was divided between work and pleasure.

Listen, my young friends, and you may learn to render yourselves worthy of your parents' love, and in what manner to prepare in childhood for a life of honour and happiness.



RISING.

AT six o'clock in summer, and at seven in winter, Charles and Louisa arose. They never required calling twice, but arose from their beds immediately. Charles, lively and gay, was dressed in a few minutes. It is true, it sometimes happened that he was not correctly buttoned—that his waistcoat was put on uneven—but he

was no sooner told of it than every thing was immediately arranged. Louisa was less active in dressing herself. Her doll, which she generally took to bed with her, was the first object of her thoughts. She looked at it, wished it a good morning, inquired how it had passed the night, and took it in her arms. The nurse, who came to dress Louisa, was often obliged to tell her to stand still; for frequently, when the poor woman had got the point of the cord in the lace hole, little Louisa would make her escape from under her hands, and be at the other end of the room in a moment. But, except these trifles, there was little to complain of in her conduct.

If by chance she was more dilatory than usual, nurse had an excellent mode of reducing her to order, by asking what she thought mamma would say when she went to wish her a good morning.



THE MORNING SALUTATION.

“OH! nurse, pray let us make haste, that I may go and wish my mamma a good morning,” Louisa would say, when her nurse had reminded her of her duty. Charles was always ready first, and sometimes quite impatient. At last they would go down, and their noise and laughter soon apprised Mr

and Mrs Lovegood of the arrival of their children. In the twinkling of an eye Charles and Louisa were in the arms of their papa and mamma, inquiring how they had passed the night. This was to them one of the happiest moments of the day. They freely expressed their joy, and rejoiced the hearts of their good parents.

The simple action of politeness and care, in this morning salutation, to the authors of their existence, ought not to be considered as trifling. It is a duty—it is rendering them the homage due to them. After having offered up their prayers to God, their parents are the next most sacred duty: besides, it is a pleasure which children give to their parents—it shews their affection for them—it is an expression of love which contributes to their happiness—and the children, at the same time, act in the most advantageous manner for them-

selves ; for the satisfaction which they must feel in seeing the pleasure of their parents, and receiving their caresses, cannot fail of contributing to their own happiness.

In general, whatever marks benevolence, even to persons whom we may know but little, ought never to be neglected. This universal politeness springs from benevolence, and, when sincere, is a feeble emanation of that love of our neighbour which the Gospel recommends.



THE PRAYERS.

“COME, my children,” said Mrs Lovegood, “offer up your prayers to God, and again beg his blessing for this day.”

Immediately the two amiable children fell on their knees near their mamma, joined their hands, and repeated the prayers which they had been taught.

They began with that magnificent prayer, in which man calls God by the endearing name of Father. Mr Lovegood, who generally assisted at their devotion, took great delight in making the children sensible of the beauties of that prayer. "Listen, my children," would he say to them, "and reflect, as much as your age will permit, upon the comfortable words which you have just pronounced, and which you have addressed to Heaven.

"*Our Father!* It is God, the Creator of all, the Supreme Being, who made all things both in heaven and earth, whom we call *Our Father*—it is from him we have life—it is by his providence that our wants are supplied—it is he who surrounds us with wonders, and who promises to the just man a future and an eternal life of happiness. O my children, with what gratitude should we pronounce these sacred words,

Our Father ! and how great should we feel our security, when we reflect that our present and future days are all in his hands—in the hand of him who created us for eternal felicity.

“ You say, *Our Father who art in Heaven.* This expression is employed to accommodate our weak and limited understandings. The word *Heaven*, means on high ; and when we think of the Almighty, it is natural for us to fix his residence above this earth. But, while we believe that there is a portion of space where God exhibits the fulness of his glory in a more perfect manner than he is pleased to do upon this earth, we must not imbibe the idea that his presence is confined to that place.

“ God is an omniscient and all-pervading Spirit, that is, he sees all things in the heavens above and on the earth below ; he is a witness to our most secret actions, and the very thoughts of our

hearts are open before him. As his presence is every where, so is his power. All things were created by him, and it is by the constant display of his power, although unseen by us, that they are continued in existence. But his nature and attributes are beyond our comprehension. We only know that he exists ; of this we are convinced by the appearance of all nature. Behold the heavens and the earth, who has made them ? An all-powerful Being whom we call God. We do not see the Creator, but we see his works. Look at the fruits which hang on these trees—the harvest which cover the fields—the water which runs at your feet—the sheep which offer you their wool, even their milk and their flesh ; all your wants are provided for. You wish to eat, behold there is food ; you would quench your thirst, there is water from the fountain, or the juice of fruits. Does win-

ter make you sensible of its rigours—fire is to be found everywhere. Your Father not only watches over your wants, but he also provides for your pleasures—he causes the sun to shine—he sends agreeable zephyrs—embellishes your habitation with multitudes of flowers—animates your groves by the singing of birds; and has given you a soul capable of knowing these wonders, and a heart to enjoy them.

‘ Ten thousand thousand precious gifts

‘ My daily thanks employ ;

‘ Nor is the least a cheerful heart,

‘ That tastes these gifts with joy.’

ADDISON.

“ *Hallowed be thy name !* That is to say, may it be ever praised, and never pronounced but with respect, and always considered most sacred. Where is that ungrateful creature, that hardened heart, who, on looking around him, or merely feeling that he exists, could

refuse a sentiment of gratitude for Him to whom he owes his every breath. It is so delightful to be internally sensible of God's presence—it is such a pleasure to raise our eyes to him.—O yes! may his Holy Name be pronounced with joy by your mouths: praise Him, and we shall enjoy more pleasure from the benefits with which he blesses us.

“ *Thy kingdom come!* That is to say, let justice rule amongst men, for God is truth and righteousness, and it is by that justice that we shall be judged. To be just, is not to do to others any thing that we would not they should do to us; it is to respect the property and rights of others; it is to do to them all the good we should expect them to do to us: this is justice among men.—God's justice is to reward or punish us according to our works.

“ *Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.* This should be man's

prayer every day. A poor feeble pilgrim upon earth, constantly liable to trouble, grief, and frequently to injustice—he should endeavour to receive all as from the hand of God—resign himself wholly to his Maker—and say, *Thy will be done.* Resignation is one of the most necessary virtues. It is, as it were, a daily virtue. Our happiness being interrupted with pains and contradictions, would it be wise to become inconsolable because we cannot get every thing to our own wishes? Of what use is murmuring against those evils which are inevitable? It only serves to sour our minds, and render our lives more insupportable. We must be resigned: we must suffer in silence. Resignation softens pain, and renders it easier to bear. He who can with confidence give himself up to the will of God, already feels consolation penetrate his heart.

“ *Give us each day our daily bread.* However ungrateful we may be to God, he grants us every day the bread which feeds us, and covers the earth on all sides with his bounty. Man finds subsistence every where, and if he feels a want of that bread which God has ordained for him, it is his own fault, or that of the wicked by whom he is surrounded.—God has created the world for the unjust as well as the virtuous. He makes the sun to shine on the tiger and on the dove. His beneficence extends throughout all nature. He reserves to himself only the punishment of the ungrateful, who make an ill use of his benefits, or forget to adore the hand which has been opened for them. But if he is so generous in his gifts—if he provides for all our wants—do not believe that it is sufficient to say every returning day, *Give us our daily bread.* God has condemned men

to labour. The corn ripens on the plains; but in order to be fed from it we must till the ground—sow the grain—preserve it from the weeds—cut it down when ripe—grind it—and make our bread. All this requires a year's foresight; and our food is thus the recompense of our labour.

“ Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. Nothing is more just. With what propriety can we implore for pardon, if we will not grant it. Can we expect Divine clemency whilst hatred rankles in our hearts. Before we seek indulgence, let us shew it to those with whom we are concerned. It is the will of God that peace should reign amongst men. It is his will that we should love one another, and He promises to forgive their faults only on condition of their forgiving others. Thus, my children, let us fear pronoun-

cing the sacred words of this prayer, when we feel any sentiment of hatred against our neighbour. It would be pronouncing our own condemnation. God would pardon us, *as* we pardoned others; that is to say, he would let us suffer the effects of our faults, and treat us as the wicked deserve to be treated. Should I speak to you with a view only to your happiness in this life, I should still engage you to suffer no hatred to have a place in your hearts. Hatred is a gall which spreads its bitterness over all our days. When we have pardoned, and hatred no longer exists, the soul is more at ease, and hope in the God of mercy is sweeter and more entire.

“ Let us not fall into temptation, but deliver us from evil. God has set before us good and evil. This life is a journey—a race in which we are to endeavour to press forward towards

the prize of our high calling. The Christian should be in a state of continual progression ; but we are so weak, and have so much reason to mistrust ourselves, that we should continually beg help from Him who is mighty to save. It is by this alone we can be enabled to act justly and virtuously. This petition, by which we beg not to fall into temptation, is already a beginning of strength. We cannot express such a prayer, without experiencing that divine sentiment which inclines to virtue, and gives courage against all obstacles. We cannot beg of God to enable us to avoid evil, without having, in some measure, excluded from our thoughts that which inclined us to it.

“ There, my children, is the sense of the beautiful prayer which we repeat every morning. When you are of an age perfectly to understand this, you will not be able to pronounce it with-

out its giving birth to hope and confidence. If you always repeat it with attention, and particularly with sincerity of heart, I promise you, that you will be virtuous to the last day of your life." The children listened to these words with respect, and when their father had ceased speaking, they began again with fervour. "O our God," said they together, "bless our father and mother, grant them long life, and that we may love and respect them more and more." They then rose and went together to embrace again their good parents, who never witnessed this affecting scene without great emotion.



STUDY.

LOUISA and Charles, happy in having fulfilled the sacred duties of the day, began their different employments with cheerfulness. They were not those little dirty gluttons, who are no sooner awake than they call for their breakfasts. Charles, beginning to understand

a little Latin, wrote his exercise or his version. Louisa, who possessed a tolerable knowledge of the elements of the French language, considering her years, studied her grammatical lesson, and learned one of Fontaine's beautiful fables, in which we see Mr Fox and Sire Wolf act their parts so very well. Whilst they were studying, we might, as is frequently said, have heard a mouse move, only Louisa sometimes would speak a few of the phrases which she wished to form rather higher than common; but Charles, who was sometimes disturbed by this, would call her to order, and beg her to learn quietly. When Louisa had learned her lesson, she jumped up joyfully, skipped away, and cried out, "Mamma, I know my lesson," and enjoyed the pleasure which she saw sparkle in her mamma's eye. Charles went to his father, and would sometimes say, rather grieved, "Papa,

here is, in my version, a phrase which I cannot comprehend." "We will see that, my child," replied the father. Then, taking the phrase word for word, they would look in the dictionary, recollect the rules, and reason a little to obtain the just sense of the phrase, and Charles would be quite astonished to find that he understood so well what had appeared to him so difficult.

"You see, my son," said the father, "that you must never suffer obstacles to disgust you. With patience and reflection you may do any thing.

"Come, my children, work well; that will render your life agreeable, and prepare you for happiness hereafter. With learning Charles will become a reasonable and estimable man, and Louisa a woman, in whose praise every one will speak.

"I will relate to you a little fable after breakfast.

“ A man had two dogs, and he took a fancy to instruct them, This project left them but little time for their comforts. It was scarcely day-light when Cæsar and Ponto were roused,—they were taught to march, turn, dance, and to smoke a pipe with gravity. They were obliged to carry an halbert; in short, there was no end to their exercises. Ponto was a good natured animal, attended well, and succeeded so as to please his master. Every lesson rendered him more perfect, consequently each lesson brought him farther marks of kindness. Cæsar, on the contrary, was obstinate and idle, and never did any thing it was possible to leave undone. He was always growling, and knew no more in the morning than he did in the former evening. What was the lots of these two dogs? Ponto was well received in the house; every one was his friend; he was always in the

parlour with his lady, and sat near the table while they dined. Cæsar was only fit to wander in the roads, the kitchen, or the poultry-yard. His master turned him out, and he was glad to become the property of a beggar, who took charge of him.

“Such are the effects of industry and indolence. Happiness is the reward of labour, and indolence can produce nothing but misery.”



BREAKFAST.

THE father's conversation seemed to give fresh appetite to the children, for the fulfilment of duties generally lightens the heart. In fine weather, Charles and Louisa would frequently breakfast in the garden. They had milk and fruit set upon a little green table, under

a nice shade of honey-suckles, and surrounded with rose-bushes in full bloom. It was delightful to drink good milk, and eat fine cherries, whilst surrounded with verdure. Louisa would quit her sugared cup frequently, to run after some beautiful butterfly, finely coloured with red or yellow. Charles would watch a bird, or amuse himself any other way, whilst his sister was absent.



THE RABBITS AND BIRDS.

AFTER breakfast they employed themselves in the care of two little families which were intrusted to them. These were rabbits and birds. The one was placed in a little cot, and the other

in an aviary in the corner of the flower garden. The rabbits were under the protection of Charles, and the birds fell to the lot of Louisa. They never wanted for any thing, and all knew their young keepers. At the approach of Louisa, the birds would flutter about and sing more gaily than usual, and the rabbits would come to the bars of their house at the sound of Charles' voice. They would, however, go back at the motion of his hand, recollecting that he had sometimes taken hold of their tongues.

Mr and Mrs Lovegood had put these animals under the care of Louisa and Charles, in order that the children might become habituated to the care of living creatures, and thus exercise their rising humanity. With the same attention they had also given them a more noble charge. Louisa always car-

ried his breakfast to a poor old blind man, who came every week for the pension assigned him. Charles had the charge of teaching the laundress' little boy to read; and each fulfilled, with the greatest exactness and pleasure, the duties imposed on them.



READING.

READING was the next employment that followed their little recreations. They both went to their mamma's room, where they received their lesson ; which they were obliged to read over carefully, pronounce well, and observe all

the proper stops. They generally read some pretty tale, or some natural history, or some example of virtue ; after which, they were obliged to give an account of what they had been reading.



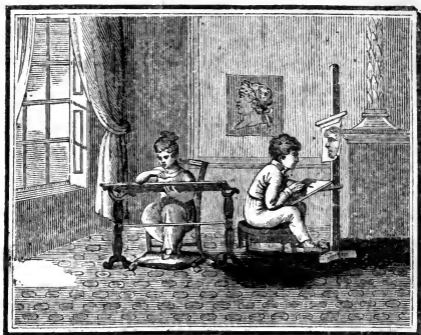
WRITING.

THE lesson of writing was quite an amusement. Louisa applied to it with pleasure, in the hope of being soon able to write a letter to her mamma. She would frequently say, "Mamma, when I go to pass a few days with my aunt at her country-house, I may perhaps be able to write to you myself, and tell

you how well I am amused, but more particularly, how much I love you. O, I assure you, I shall soon know how to write a letter. I have already written one to my cousin Josephine, who is not more learned than myself, and therefore will not laugh at my nonsense."

"My love," her mother would reply, "it depends on yourself to prevent my laughing at what you call your nonsense. Continue to be very attentive; form your letters well; separate your words properly; above all, spell correctly, and I promise you I shall not laugh at it. I would be charmed to see you writing letters; I particularly request that you will not attempt it till you can do it legibly, for letters are of no value if they cannot be read. I know some persons, even well-informed people, who write so bad that it is impossible to decypher it.

It is very wrong of them, and is a defect in their education ; besides, it is a defect with which they will ever be reproached by those who are obliged to read their letters ; for, with a little care, they would certainly have succeeded in at least writing legible."



EMBROIDERY AND DRAWING.

NEEDLE work succeeded, and that every hour of the day might be exactly filled, the best means were thought of for employing the time. After writing, Charles sat down to drawing, of which he was very fond. He could already draw a face, or the whole figure

of a man. His sister would sometimes draw a flower, or a bunch of green leaves, or compose some pattern for embroidering; and when her mamma was pleased with the drawing, she would let her work it. She had already embroidered for her mamma two gowns, and trimming for a third, which had been greatly admired among their friends.

“My dear,” her mother would say, “it is proper that a woman should know how to make every thing she wears. It is a means of economy to her if she be in affluence, and a great resource if poor.”

According to this prudent principle, Mrs Lovegood taught little Louisa to make every thing with the greatest care.

One day Louisa would have preferred playing to the task of hemming which her mamma had given her, and

cried to her mother, "Mamma, why do you make me work? Papa is rich, and I shall have no need to make my own clothes."

"How, my dear?" replied Mrs Lovegood: "do you consider fortune so constant, that you are certain of never being deprived of it? People frequently meet with vicissitudes in life, and are sometimes reduced to the greatest necessity. In that case, what a comfort it is when they have some means to which they can resort for their support. At all events, should their necessities not be so great, they may find themselves so situated, as to render the utmost economy necessary to keep up a genteel appearance: then it is that the needle may be employed with peculiar advantage. Think, my dear, how many of the French nobility were reduced to labour for their bread at the time of the revolution. The ladies frequently gave

lessons of music or drawing; sometimes were engaged as governesses in families, where they were expected to instruct their children in every accomplishment; and often were under the necessity of teaching them those arts in needle-work, with which nothing but necessity had made them acquainted. Judge from this, my child, whether we should ever confide in riches."



DINNER.

THE whole family met at dinner. Charles and Louisa were unlike those rude insupportable children, who, without ceremony, place themselves at table, and desire to be served before their superiors are properly placed. They waited in silence till every one was

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seated ; and modestly, but cheerfully, received whatever their father or mother gave them, well assured that it was most proper for them. Had they found fault with any thing, their father and mother would have considered it the greatest impropriety. This happened while Charles and Louisa were very young, so that their parents' displeasure easily made them avoid it. Neatness was always studied as much as politeness. They were never suffered to throw bones or peelings of fruit upon the carpet, but to lay such things carefully on the sides of their plates. No one would have been afraid to sit near them, lest his clothes should be spoiled ; for it is easy to suppose that they sat upright at table, and behaved with all due politeness. They felt too much pleasure in gratifying their parents, to act otherwise. This behaviour was noticed by every one, and they were

frequently invited to entertainments and different parties of pleasure, to which they were always allowed to go, as Mr and Mrs Lovegood knew well they would not be troublesome.

When they had no company at dinner, they were permitted to join in the conversation. Their father would question them upon the business of the morning, or upon the pleasures they had in anticipation. They were even allowed to ask questions at their parents, which, when reasonable, were always answered with pleasure.

They never failed to ask a blessing before meals, nor ever neglected to return thanks afterwards.



RECREATION.

THE hour after dinner was entirely devoted to pleasure. They amused themselves as they liked; they ran, they jumped, they played at battledore and shuttlecock, and at ball; but they were naturally fondest of those games which afforded the most exercise. It may be

remarked, that their recreations were always the most agreeable in those days in which they had best performed their duties. The reason is quite obvious, that when young people give satisfaction to their superiors, they are always best satisfied with themselves, and that self-satisfaction leaves the mind free to enjoy whatever pleasures may present themselves.

There was a dog at the gardener's house, who was particularly good-natured, and who always carefully laid himself upon his master's coat while he was at work. Charles, recollecting the fable of the untractable dog which his father had told him, thought he would undertake the education of the gardener's dog. He called him, and gave him some pieces of his dinner which he had put aside for him, which pleased the animal very much, and made him very attentive to the voice

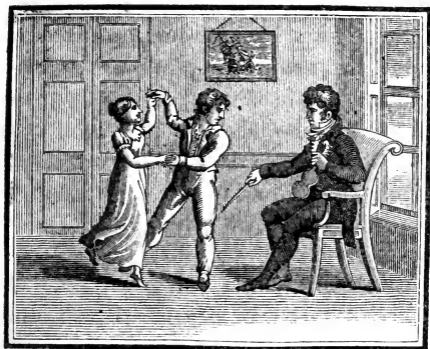
of his instructor. Charles took him by the two paws, made him sit upright, and ordered him to remain so. The dog, who had no inclination to become learned, began to shew a little displeasure, and looked at his master's coat through the corners of his eyes, thinking, no doubt, that if he were there, he would sleep as long as he could. However, he found he must obey. He first learned to sit upright, then to stand upon his hind legs; afterwards to march, then to carry a stick; and even went so far as to hold a pipe in his mouth. They next made him a paper cap, and put it upon his head; placed a wooden sabre at his side; and pronounced him a grenadier in full uniform.

The education of the dog cost more than one day's labour, and was often interrupted by Louisa's shuttlecock, which fell sometimes on the ear and

sometimes on the nose of the poor soldier. What the dog gained by this knowledge, which he had acquired against his inclination, was a few chicken bones, or the remains of cakes, which was some consolation for disturbing his slumber. He sometimes displayed his talents in presence of the whole family, but he shewed no more pride* than when he performed his exercises before Charles alone; and when he had received their applause, and their still more substantial recompence, he went, with his usual modesty, from his fatigues and glory, to repose upon the humble vest of the gardener.

* “ But though he was o’ high degree,
The fient a pride, nae pride had he !”

BURNS.



THE LESSON OF DANCING.

THIS was only a continuance of recreation. It was not called work, and therefore was held in little estimation by Charles and Louisa. It is very proper that young people should acquire a graceful manner. It is proper, also, that in family festivals they should be

enabled to take such a part in the entertainments as may shew them to advantage; but it would be a pity to have it said that those young people danced as well as the first opera dancers; for people would naturally imagine, that all other knowledge had been neglected in order to acquire this frivolous talent, the perfection of which is only suitable for the theatre, and should be considered merely as innocent and pleasant recreation. We ought not, therefore, to devote too much of our time in the acquirement of such trivial accomplishments.



LESSON OF MUSIC.

MUSIC is also a recreation, but in every respect superior to dancing. It is truly an art, but dancing is only an exercise. To enjoy the latter amusement, we would require to be surrounded by a numerous acquaintance; but, on the contrary, music may afford us enter-

tainment even in our solitary moments. It may sometimes prove a consolation to us under the most afflicting misfortunes. The sound of an instrument, when touched with taste and judgment, and the accents of an agreeable voice, may attract our attention, and suspend our grief. We can on other occasions sing without interrupting those occupations which only require the use of the arms or fingers. It detracts from the tediousness of a painful and sedulous work, and therefore we should not consider the study of music as useless. A young lady, well brought up, adds greatly to her personal charms by some knowledge of music. It may often serve as an agreeable entertainment in the bosom of her family.

It always gave great pleasure to Charles and Louisa, when they could study any simple air in secret, and surprise their parents by a little concert,

in which they could perform together. Louisa fingered with great ease; Charles played tolerably well on the violin, and sung in a very pleasing manner. They felt extremely happy when they could devote half an hour to the amusement of their affectionate parents.



THE WALK.

AT four o'clock their lessons were all finished. After which they went to walk in the neighbourhood, either on the banks of the river, or into the adjoining wood. When Mr Love-good was of the party, the walk became as instructive as amusing: they spoke

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of plants and of animals, and of every curious object which presented itself to them.—I will give you some idea of these conversations.

Mr and Mrs Lovegood walked slowly; their two children ran sometimes before them, sometimes round them, sometimes in pursuit of a butterfly, or to gather a flower. Louisa one day caught a magnificent butterfly, whose wings were blue and red, and, delighted with its beautiful colour, she brought it in triumph to her parents. Her father said to her, “Louisa, do you recollect the ugly caterpillar that stuck to your frock, and at which you were so much frightened?” “O! if I recollect rightly, I threw it on the ground very hastily.” “Well,” replied her father, “this beautiful butterfly that you now hold with so much pleasure, was, perhaps, the very caterpillar with which you were so frightened.” “I see, papa,

you wish to laugh at me now.”—“I wish, on the contrary, to instruct you,” continued her father. “O papa, if you will permit me,” interrupted Charles, “I will communicate to my sister the instructions I received from you on that subject.” “Willingly, my dear, I like to see you instructing each other.”

“Do you see, sister,” replied Charles, “this butterfly has been a caterpillar, as papa says, and was produced from a small egg, not bigger than the head of a little pin. This egg remains all the winter, and then is hatched by the warmth of spring. The worm which comes from it fixes upon the leaf of a tree; on this it feeds, till by degrees it becomes larger, and then turns a perfect caterpillar, which, when it arrives at its proper growth, ceasing to eat, and forming a little shell of silk, it there conceals itself. It then changes its form, strips off the caterpillar’s skin, and becomes

a kind of worm, covered with a brown skin, and hard as parchment. This round worm is not above half an inch in length, and pointed at both ends. It never moves, and remains in that state several days. It then again quits its form, comes out of its brown skin, pierces the shell of silk which it has formed, and makes its appearance with the beautiful blue and red wings which you see. It then rises in the air, flutters from one flower to another, and perhaps at last has the misfortune to fall into your hands. Such, my dear Louisa, are those beautiful wings which you now hold in your fingers. The poor creature's fate now depends on you ; do you mean to kill it ?”

“No certainly,” cried Louisa, “since he has not long had the pleasure of flying in the air, I shall let him fly again, and flutter from flower to flower. Come, butterfly, I give thee thy liberty.”

So saying, she opened her fingers, and the butterfly, who did not expect to be so generously treated, rose immediately into the air, passed over the hedges, and disappeared.

“It will live again,” said Charles; “a short time before its death it will lay a quantity of little eggs, which will remain during the winter, and become young caterpillars in the spring. As to the butterfly, it will long have ceased to exist before its little ones see the light. Such, my sister, is the extraordinary life of a butterfly, just as papa has related it to me; and since that time, I have seen, at cousin Henry’s, some silk-worms, which change from the form of caterpillars, and become butterflies.”

As Charles had concluded this recital, which perhaps he did not make with so much care as I have related it, they came near a little bush, from whence there suddenly flew a small bird.

It was a linnet; and Charles suspecting there was a nest in the bush, endeavoured to separate the branches, in order to discover whether it was really the case. As he was pressing the branches one against the other, he discovered a little nest, in which there were four birds. He immediately cried out "Papa! Mamma! Louisa! a nest! a nest!" He was just going to lay his hand on it, when his father prevented him, by remarking that the birds were too young for him to bring up, and that if they touched them, the mother would abandon them. They therefore satisfied themselves by merely looking at the birds, and then, closing the branches, continued their walk.

This discovery led to a conversation, in which Mr Lovegood pointed out the difference which existed between those born to fly to a distance; those who could only walk; and those

who could swim, and move in the water as easily as they themselves could walk on the ground.

They were then near a piece of water, in which there was a number of geese and ducks. "See," said Mr Lovegood, "with what ease they move upon the water. How does that happen? why cannot these hens do the same thing?—Let us hear whether you can tell me?"

Charles, being the elder and the more learned, puzzled his brain to find out the reason. His father assisted him by saying, "do you not remark the feet of these geese?" "Yes, papa, are they made like those of the hens?" "No; certainly they are not: the hen's feet are formed with toes terminating in long sharp claws, and the geese have large broad feet. Well, these serve them as oars, and enable them to swim. In order to advance forward,

they turn the side of their foot, and when they push one of their feet before them, it bends in order to prevent their feeling the resistance of the water ; this they spread out, to give it a greater resistance when they wish to turn, and by which means the bird advances whatever way it pleases. This mechanism is very natural, and you need only look at the birds to comprehend it. But those birds which live on the water, and so often dive beneath it, why are their feathers never wet ? how is it that they always appear shining ? The reason is, that God, who has designed them to live in the midst of the waters, has given them the means of resisting their effects, as he also has done, for the same reason, to those which live on land. Geese and ducks, and all aquatic birds, have in them a little reservoir of fat, or rather oil, which they press with their beak when they

wish to dress their feathers. They then pass the large feathers of their wing, one after another, through their beak, and slightly moisten them with that oil, which causes the water to slide off. The other feathers are of themselves greasy, but so inconsiderably as not to be perceptible. In this manner the bird continues in the water without spoiling its plumage, and the water cannot even wet its skin, which, under the first feather, is covered with a soft and warm down. You may observe, from what I have already told you, that every bird, but, still further, we may say every animal, has been created for the kind of life he ought to lead.

“Look around you, and you will be convinced of it. Do you see that dog which is running down there; he has four paws to support the weight of his body, and a long and deep mouth,

the better to enable him to seize his prey. This fish, which you may perceive in the basin, is long, and has a pointed nose, in order to cut the waves ; his fins support him, and serve as oars, while his large tail answers as a helm, and gives the facility in directing himself. He must necessarily breathe, and his nostrils are so disposed as to procure him air in the midst of the water. It is necessary he should be able to rise and fall, which he does by the help of a bladder full of air, which he swells out or compresses at pleasure. Observe this worm, which has neither feet, wings, nor fins, how is it to get forward. It folds itself up, and then pushes out its long body, round from one part to another. God has wonderfully disposed every creature for the state to which he is destined ! The Almighty is the Supreme intelligence, and there is nothing done by chance.”

Whilst they were speaking, they arrived at the banks of a river, where there was a water-mill. The poplars and villas concealed it from sight, but the noise discovered it even at a distance. “O papa!” cried Charles, “let us go to the mill.” “Willingly,” replied his father, “it will afford an opportunity to make you acquainted with the most useful part of mechanics; but before we look at the stone which bruises the corn, and reduces it to flour, in order that we may make bread for our food, can you tell me how the corn is produced?” “Yes, papa,” replied the child, “while we were walking in the fields, I examined what the labourers were doing, and remember it very well.

“First, they throw manure on the land to enrich it; so the labourers said: then they plough the ground; after which they leave it for some time, and then plough it again: the labourer then

puts the corn into a sort of apron that is tied before him, and scatters it as he walks, so that the seed falls in the furrows. A man comes after him, driving a horse, which drags a harrow to bury the corn. Autumn is the seed-time; the corn begins to grow at the beginning of winter, and is at first like the grass of the field. It is only in spring that it begins to rise; but it shoots into ears in the month of July. Those ears flourish; then the grain becomes large, and hardens and dries by the heat of the sun in August. At the beginning of September, the reapers take their sickles and cut down the corn, which is then made up into sheaves, and after being properly dried, is laid into the barn. They likewise make stacks in the open air, when the barns are full. At length it is threshed, to separate the corn from the ear; they then winnow the grain, to free it from the straw and dust.

You see, papa, that I know how the corn is produced. But you do not recollect," added Charles, laughing, "that we have already spoken of that several times, and that you explained to me the different labours of the people whom we met with in the country."

"I remember it very well," replied Mr Lovegood; "I was therefore not surprised at finding you knew so much; but I am highly pleased to observe that you improve by our conversations, and that my endeavours to instruct you are not in vain. Since you know how the corn is cultivated, it is necessary to see how it is reduced to flour. We are now arrived at the mill.

"First, look well at that wheel which the water turns; it is that machine which gives motion to all the rest. You see, that by means of flood-gates they shut up the water to give it more force, and to maintain it constantly the

same height. Now let us go in to see what the wheel produces.

“ Good morning, Mr M'Donald ; will you permit the children to see the interior of your mill ? ” The miller immediately conducted the family in, and pointed out to them all the different parts of the mill.

“ Are you curious,” said the miller, “ to know how the wheel operates, when put in motion by the water ? It causes this large piece of wood to turn round, which, by means of this notched wheel, turns the millstone in the upper story. Let us go up. Do you see that great millstone which turns with such rapidity ?—Well, it moves upon another stone, and thus bruises and crushes the corn till it becomes flour, which falls between the two stones into the hopper, a large wooden box like a square funnel.

“ When the corn is entirely ground,

it falls, by means of a long leather bag, into a large box which is placed beneath; but it is previously stopped by a horse-hair cloth, that allows the meal to pass, and retains the bran or shell of the corn, which is thrown aside into a bag that receives it."

"How is the separation of the bran and flour produced?"

"By a very simple process. A stick, which is kept constantly in motion by that notched wheel, is continually striking the sieve or horse-hair cloth, in order to cause the meal to pass, and at the same time throws back the bran. It is this that causes the ticking noise which is heard at a distance."

"Well," Mr Lovegood observed, "you have now seen a mill, and you know how bread is made. Thus every thing which belongs to the principal support of man is known to you."

In this manner Mr Lovegood in-

structed his young family, while he was amusing them at the same time ; and, without being sensible of it, they had acquired, by the end of the year, an ample fund of knowledge, of which these walks were in some measure productive.



THE REFRESHMENT.

WHILE they were still examining the mechanism of the mill, the miller's wife passed with some milk, warm from the cow. Louisa looked at the pitcher with an anxious eye. Charles did the same; but neither of them expressed their wishes; because they were too

well bred, and knew that their parents took delight in procuring them every pleasure that was within their reach, when they were satisfied with their behaviour. Mrs Lovegood, who had guessed their wishes, asked the miller's wife whether she could conveniently let her have a little of that milk. The woman was very well pleased to sell it. She hastened to fetch some cups and new bread, and then invited the family of Mr Lovegood to an agreeable spot on the banks of the river. The children gaily placed themselves on the grass ; and Mr and Mrs Lovegood sat down on the trunk of an old tree that had been cut down. This repast, though of the humblest kind, was such as pleased them best, for here there was no confinement or restraint, and they were at perfect freedom.

After the refreshment, Mr Lovegood desired them to recite their morning's

lessons, to see whether they had not already forgotten them; but this passed in a friendly manner, and their father never looked at them with severity. They then returned to the house.



THE EVENING AT GRANDMAM- MA'S HOUSE.

WHEN it happened to be the season in which it was more agreeable to pass the evenings by the fireside, they generally went to grandmamma's, where they approached the great arm-chair with joy, and would hang around the old

lady's neck with tenderness and affection. "But stop, my children," she would say, "you should let me look at you first." She would then take off her spectacles; and, looking full in their faces, if she observed happiness and confidence in their countenances, she would say to them, "Come now, and kiss me, my children. I see you have fulfilled your duties properly to-day."—"Yes, grandmamma," they would reply; "papa and mamma are both satisfied with us."—"Well, as that is the case, bring your little stools near my arm-chair, and give me an account of what you have done to-day." The children hastened with their stools, and related to her all their occupations for that day. They were even so candid as to confess the faults they had committed. Grandmamma would encourage them; and then, after a little entreaty, relate to them some of those

fine stories that she always kept in reserve for them when they had given satisfaction to their parents. "Grand-mamma," said Louisa, "I promise you I will not interrupt you to-night, as I do sometimes. Come, now, do tell us one of your fine stories."

"After this promise," replied grand-mamma, "I will certainly relate to you one of my best stories, or rather histories; for it is a fact which I am about to tell you,—*The Little Girl Lost*. Listen well now.

"There was once a little girl, whose name was Betsy. She was not more than four years and a half old. She was a very pretty child, gay, amiable, and seemed pleased with every body. Her greatest fault was, that she stopped on all sides whenever she went out with her mamma or her nurse. They were continually obliged to call out to her, 'Come on, Betsy!'

“ One evening, when she was walking out with her nurse, she happened, as usual, to loiter rather long behind to look at a fine *punchinillo*, which was hanging up at the door of a toy-shop. At that moment there was a crowd occasioned by some unforeseen event. The child not seeing her nurse, began running as fast as her little legs could carry her, in order to overtake the nurse ; but she happened to be at a cross street, and took a different way from that which her nurse had taken, and was walking on as fast as she could. Observe, she did not cry ; for she knew that she was to blame in falling behind.

“ The nurse, who had been equally blameable in having left her for a moment, looked for her on all sides ; and, not seeing her, immediately returned, imagining that the little girl had gone back to the house. But Betsy was not

to be found there. She was now wandering alone in the streets of Edinburgh, where there are so many people walking, that it is difficult for strangers to know the road. When the child found that she had lost her way, she began to weep, but quietly, because she was afraid of every person who passed her.

“An old woman, covered with rags, who saw her alone, asked her why she wept? ‘Alas, madam!’ replied the imprudent Betsy, ‘I have lost my nurse.’ ‘Oh! that is nothing,’ replied the old woman. ‘Wipe your eyes, my child; I will conduct you to your nurse. She is waiting for you down there.’ Betsy did not much like to go with the old woman, but the latter took her by the hand, and she was obliged to walk.

“She walked, in this manner, a long way. It now began to grow dark, but the old woman still continued her road.

every now and then said, ‘Madam, shall we not find my nurse soon?’—‘In a minute, my little dear,’ replied the old woman. At length it became quite dark, and her conductor entered an obscure passage; she then said, ‘harkye, my little dear, you may very likely be robbed of your ear-rings and your amber necklace, give them to me, and I will lock them up for you.’ She then took out her gold ear-rings and her beautiful amber necklace, and put them into her pocket. Betsy wept. ‘Be quiet,’ said the old woman in a passion, ‘or I will give you a good whipping.’—Betsy was then silent,—and the old woman took off her embroidered frock and her fine shift, and clothed her in an old dirty gray gown; then led her to some little distance in the street, and there left her. ‘Stay there a moment,’ said she, ‘and I will come to you, but be sure you don’t cry.’

She went away immediately and returned no more ; for she was a thief, who having seen the little girl quite alone, thought she could strip her without difficulty.

“ Betsy had sat there nearly an hour, when a dirty ragman approached, who had an iron hook, with which he turned over the dirt, and a bag in which he put the rags that he found ; ‘ what are you doing there my little one,’ said he to Betsy. ‘ Alas ! sir,’ replied she, ‘ I have lost my road.’ The ragman asked her papa’s name. The little foolish girl replied he was called papa. He also asked her the name of the street where she lived, but she could not tell him. ‘ Well,’ said the ragman, ‘ come with me then, for you would die with cold to-night, were you to stay here ; we will see what can be done to-morrow.’

“ Poor Betsy was obliged to go with the dirty ragman, who conducted

her to a garret, and shewed her some straw which was not fresh. ‘Come, go to bed upon that,’ said he, ‘and sleep well.’ Betsy wept, but fatigue closed her eyes, and she slept soundly. The next day the ragman gave her a bit of dry black bread, and desired her to eat. When she had breakfasted, he said, ‘What shall I do with you, you know not where you live, and to what place can I take you. Must I keep you; I have hardly bread enough for myself.’

“As he had made these reflections aloud, his neighbour, a beggar, entered, and he related to him his adventure. The beggar looked at Betsy.—‘Ah! but,’ cried he, ‘she is pretty, so give her to me, and we will beg together. I will say she is my daughter, and that will excite the charity of the passengers.’ When Betsy heard this, she began to cry aloud, and said she would not beg,

because her papa was rich ; but the ragman, who was weary of her cries, lifted up his iron hook, and swore that if she would not be silent, he would box her heartily. This threat frightened her, and made her silent in a moment. The beggar led her away, and when he had arrived at the place where he was accustomed to sit in the dust, he ordered her to sit down also, and beg, as he did, from the passengers.

“ She had begged for three days, when a friend of her papa’s, who gave something to the old beggar, thought he recollected her, and asked her name. When she replied, Betsy, he was greatly surprised at seeing her with a beggar. The little girl related to him, as well as she could, what had happened. The gentleman said she had done very wrong to quit her nurse ; then added, that they had sought her everywhere, and began to despair of finding her

again. Upon which he took her home to her parents, who were overjoyed at seeing her again, and gave her new clothes. After having kissed her, her mamma said, ‘you see, my child, what is the consequence of disobedience. If you had followed your nurse, as you have often been told to do, you would not have been lost.’”

It was thus that their grandmamma related the story of the little lost girl, and thought they would have been satisfied with it; but Louisa, embracing her, thanked her, and softly entreated that she would tell them another. “I do not know any more, my good child,” said the old lady. ‘Well, grandmamma,’ replied Louisa, ‘tell us one of those you have told us before; tell us about the green, yellow, and red bird; I never heard that above once.’

“Well then, since you have pleased your parents so much to-day,” pursued

grandmamma, " I must certainly do what I can to afford you pleasure. Listen then, to the history of the green, yellow, and red bird.

" 'There was once a little boy who passed almost all his time in seeking bird-nests, or in laying snares for the fathers and mothers, who brought food to their young brood. When he had caught a few unfortunate birds, he amused himself in making them fly, after having tied long strings to their legs; but he always ended by killing them. ' Oh ! how naughty you are, thus to kill the poor birds,' said the other children. ' Poh ! poh !' replied the little boy, ' I care not for that, it amuses me.'

" One day he caught a pretty bird, which was green, red, and yellow. You may guess how well pleased he was. ' Alas !' said the pretty bird, ' are you going to kill me also ?'

“ ‘ See,” cried the little boy, ‘ my bird speaks.’ ‘ Will you give me my liberty?’ replied the bird. ‘ O no!’ said the little boy, ‘ you speak too well, and are too beautiful for that, besides I have caught you, and you are my property.’ The bird was immediately silent, well convinced that he could not obtain any thing from so naughty a boy.

“ The evening of the same day the little boy was playing in a wood, when suddenly a great giant appeared through the trees. The boy screamed aloud, and would have fled, but the giant stepping forward, his shoe formed an insurmountable barrier; for you must know the little boy did not reach higher than the giant’s instep. The latter stooped, took up the child between his finger and thumb, and raised him to his eyes. The unhappy boy cried and screamed, till he was quite out of breath. ‘ Oh! oh!’

said the giant in a voice like thunder, 'so my little beast cries.' 'Alas!' replied the child, 'indeed, Mr Giant, I am not a little beast, but an unfortunate little boy, who begs you will spare his life.'

" 'What,' said the giant, taking a leap over several of the largest trees in the wood, 'my little beast speaks.'

" 'Oh! I entreat you,' said the child, joining his hands, 'restore me to my liberty.'

" 'No! no!' replied the giant, 'you speak too well, and are too genteel for me to deprive myself of the pleasure of possessing you.'

" This answer was not such as to give pleasure to the little boy. 'Do you remember,' continued the giant, 'that you said just the same this morning to the green, yellow, and red bird; besides, I have caught you, therefore you are my property.'

“ ‘ Oh ! I was a wicked child, and took advantage of my own strength.’

“ ‘ I know that,’ replied the giant, ‘ and I might now take advantage of mine also. If I pleased I could this moment put you to death, but I will be more just, and only teach you how extremely wicked it is to do so, merely because you have the power. So set at liberty the green, yellow, and red bird, and never put any others to death, as you have hitherto done.’

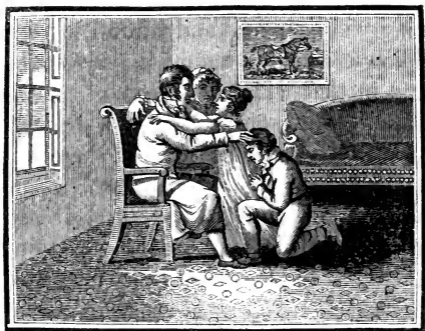
“ You may easily suppose that the little boy did not need to be told twice. He immediately went and set the pretty bird at liberty, and remembered all his life after, that not to deserve evil to be done to us, we should never do it to others.”

Here the good old lady stopped, and Louisa and Charles, thanking her very much for her kindness, embraced her and withdrew.



THE SUPPER.

THE hour of repose approached, and the children went down to the dining-room; they received each a slice of bread, and preserves, which they eat standing or skipping around the table. Satisfied with the happy day they had spent, Charles and Louisa retired to the chamber of their parents.



THE PATERNAL BENEDICTION.

THE day being finished, it was proper to return thanks to God. They knelt down, as in the morning, and offered up their prayers. Their countenances were respectful, they spoke slowly, and articulated every word with propriety. Their parents listened to them; after which, they approached in silence to their father, who, extending his right hand over their heads, said, "May the

Almighty shed his blessings on you—may you be honest and faithful to your fellow-creatures—happy in this world, and in that which is to come.” Their parents fondly embraced them, and they went with the nurse to their chamber.

They immediately undressed themselves—laid their clothes in their proper places, that they might easily find them in the morning—and thus were accustomed to regularity, which saves a great deal of time, and renders every occupation much easier.

When they were in bed, Charles said, ‘ Good-night, Louisa,’—Louisa returned the same. They then closed their eyes, and enjoyed that sweet repose which Heaven grants to innocence.

O happy is the child who hears
Instruction’s warning voice ;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.



